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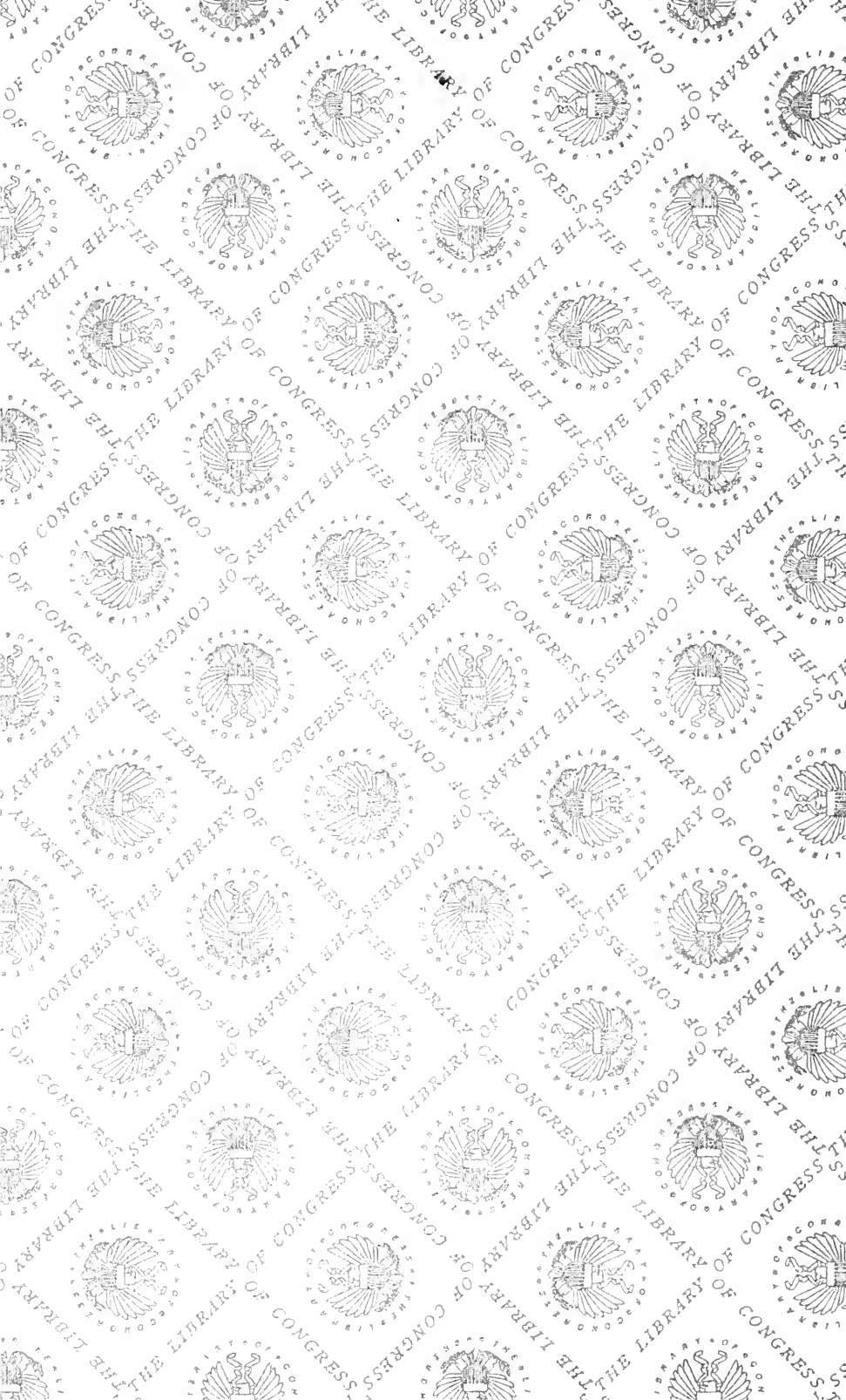
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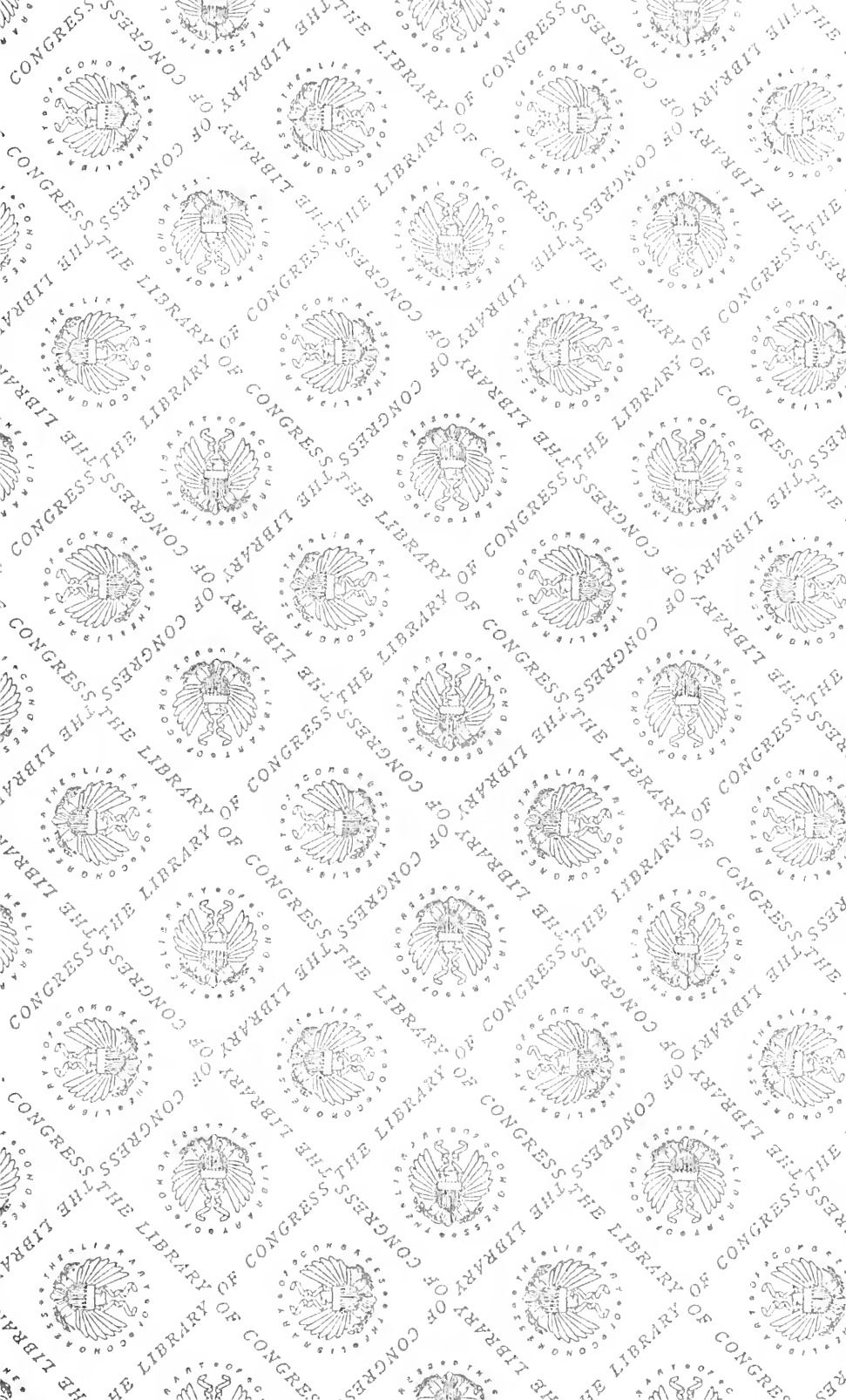
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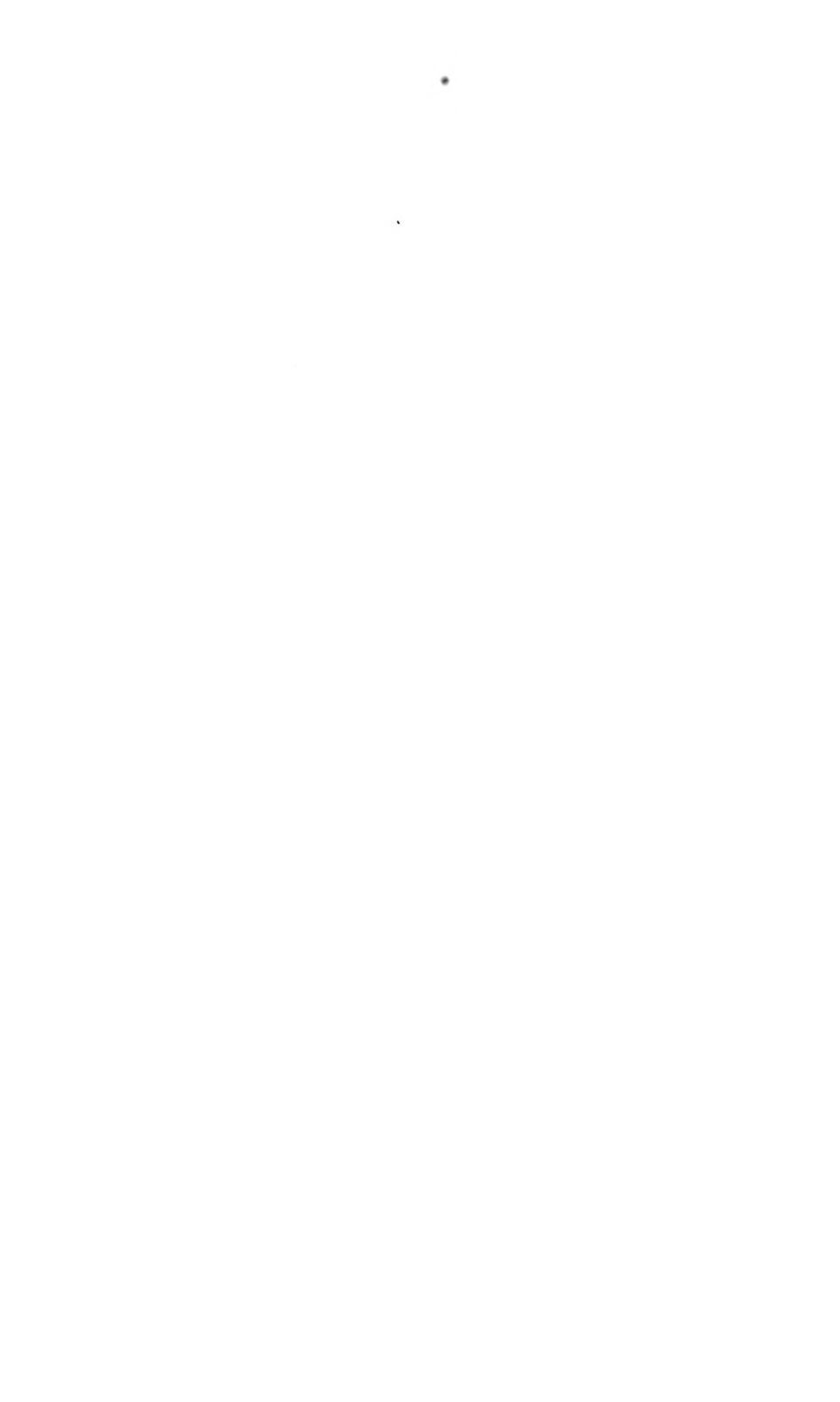
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This Little Booklet Touches on the  
Inner Life of Washington

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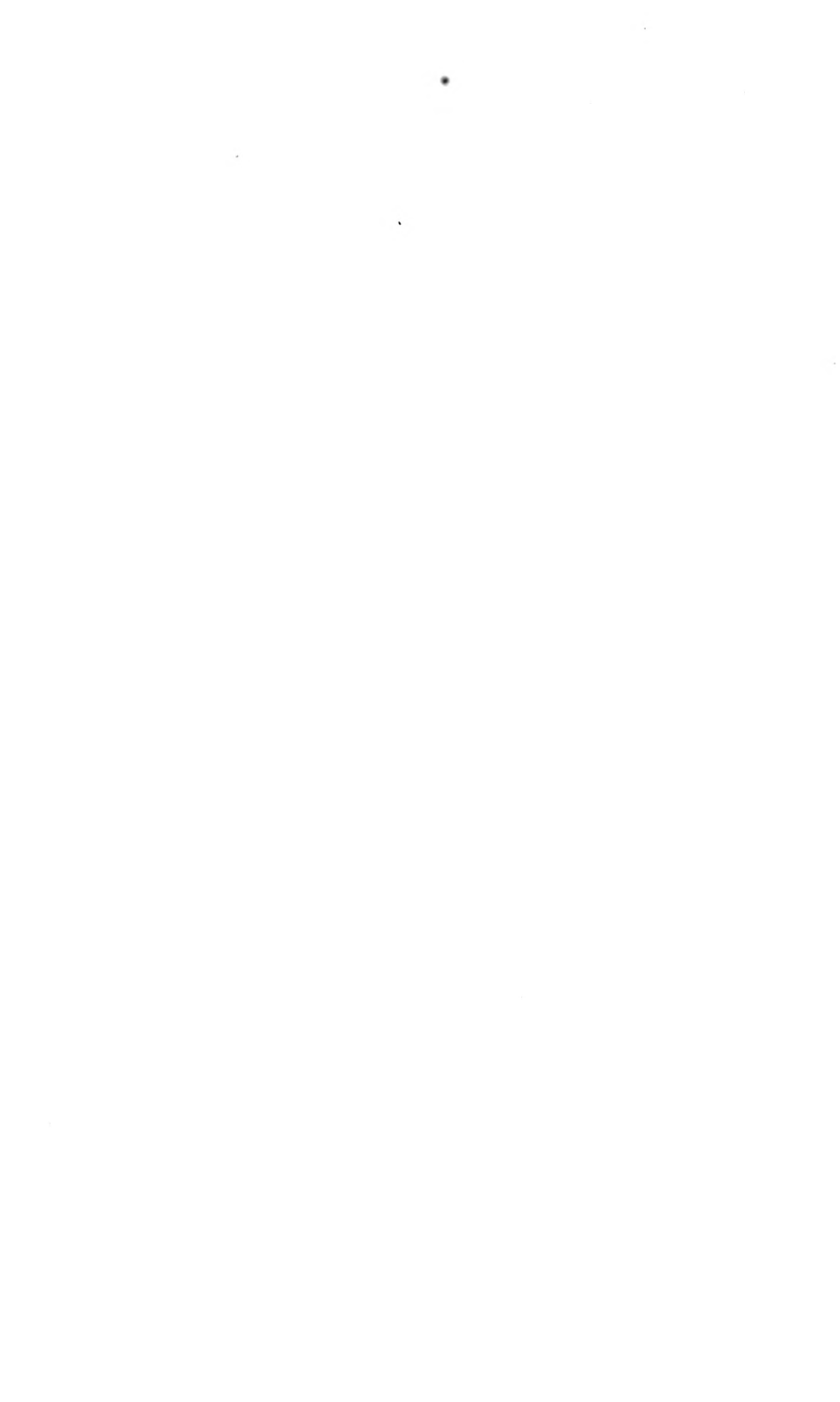
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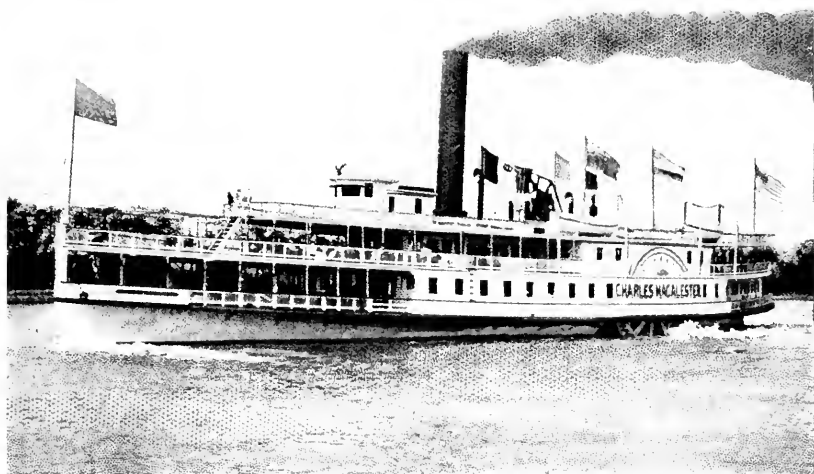
Our Nation honors everywhere,  
In her remotest parts,  
The First in war, the First in peace,  
The First in all our hearts,  
And yet would add still greater fame  
To Washington's immortal name.



The old Potomac's waters still  
In slow procession sweep,  
Unconsciously and noiselessly,  
By where his ashes sleep—  
Where sleeps until the Judgment dawn,  
In peace, the dust of Washington.







By the side of the silver Potomac,  
Where his waters flow silently on,  
Is the spot set apart  
In America's heart  
As the dearest the sun smiles upon—  
Here the flowers still bloom in the garden,  
And the grasses still grow at our feet  
In the fashion that they  
Grew in Washington's day,  
When he lived in this quiet retreat.





Here the world's greatest human exemplar  
Sought repose in the calm tides of life,  
Hid away from the cares  
Of the Nation's affairs,  
Snuggled in from confusion and strife—  
In the sweet, rustic stillness of nature,  
With her ways so inhumanly odd,  
Like the Psalmist of old,  
Did he oftentimes hold  
Sweet communion with Nature and God.





Hence, the buildings and grounds of Mount Vernon,  
And the trees and the flowers and all,  
And the pure atmosphere  
Of the place everywhere,  
Speak the greatness—we love to recall—  
Of a mind most resplendent and loyal,  
Of a heart filled with patience and love,  
Of a spirit on fire  
With an innate desire  
To obey every call from above.





Not a call ever came from his country  
To which he did not gladly respond,  
And when came the last call  
From the Father of All  
He was ready for Heaven's beyond;  
But his beautiful home at Mount Vernon  
Still is ours to have and to hold—  
May the footfalls of Time  
On this treasure sublime  
Fall more tenderly, as it grows old.







When the ages and centuries crumble  
The Old Mansion to ashes and dust,  
And the little brick room  
Guarding Washington's tomb  
Is dissolved by the rains and the rust,  
Will his character, spotless and perfect—  
As eternal as Calvary's scars—  
In the sweet by-and-by,  
With the angels on high,  
Ever shine, on and on, like the stars.





And our wonderful Capitol Building,  
In the city of beautiful fame,  
On the Capitol Hill,  
Is more national still  
Than the worshipful Washington name.  
Even tho' it expands with the Nation,  
More majestic, imposing, and grand,  
It has mightily grown  
From the same corner-stone  
That George Washington sealed with his hand.



So perfect in her purity,  
So gentle and so good,  
Her whole life was an uplift to  
The Nation's womanhood—  
The world loves more, as time moves on,  
The sweet name, Martha Washington.



She, helpmeet of the First in war,  
Wife of the First in peace,  
Queen of the First in all our hearts,  
Shall never, never cease  
To live in memory, on and on,  
The better half of Washington.

—H. C. CARLISLE.



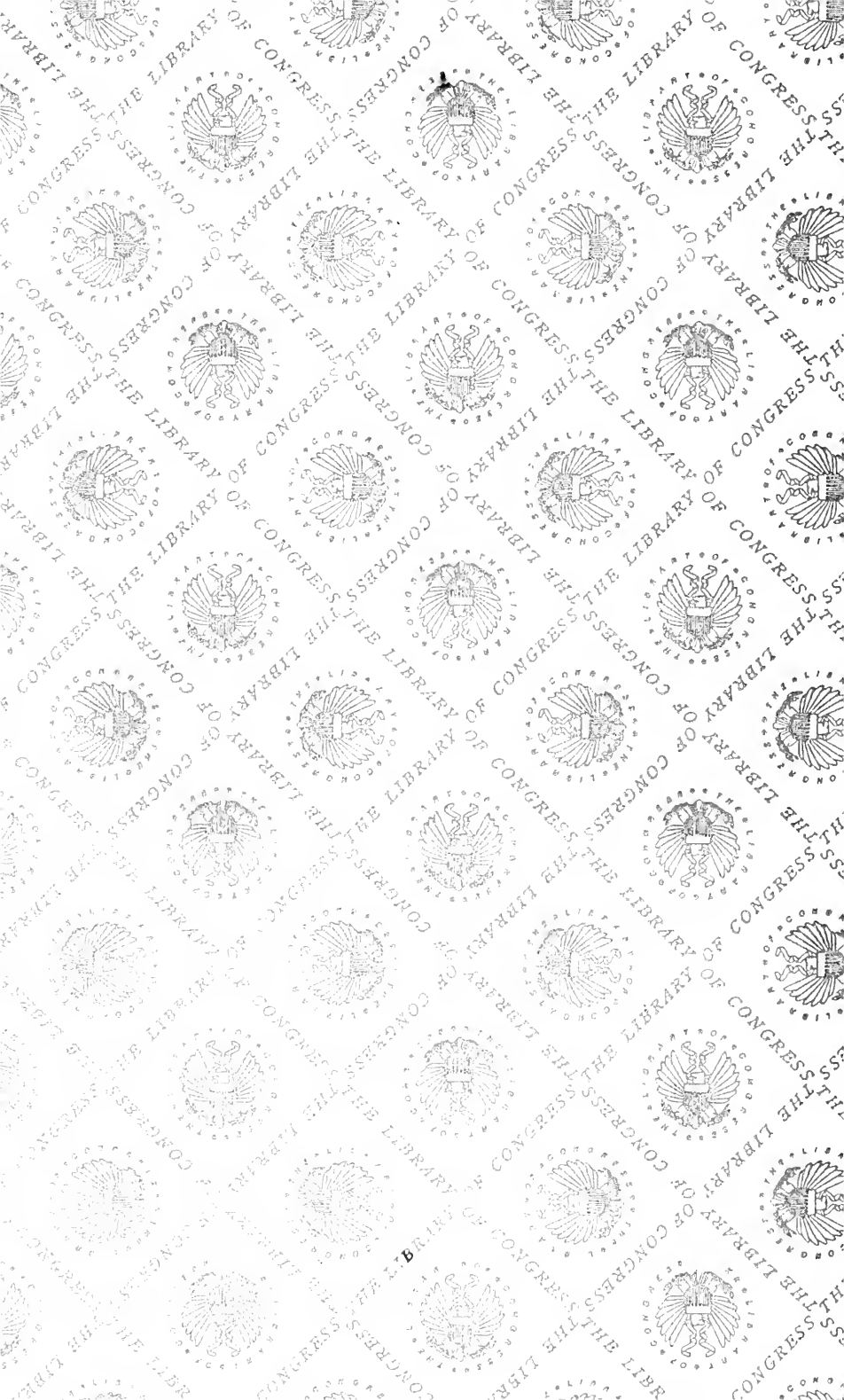




In all our great America,  
Or o'er the ocean's foam,  
There is no place like Washington's  
Mount Vernon "Home, Sweet Home."







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